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512 grains of sand, they wait patiently and quietly, though hungry.
461 They seek no shelter from the wind, preferring it to the myriads of insects lurking in any sheltered spot. And then, too, it is cool in the wind, terrifically hot away from it.

512 About midafternoon the hunters and food gatherers straggle in.
224 They bring small crocodiles and turtles, crocodile eggs, turtle eggs,
222 perhaps some honey; and the women return with full baskets containing changuango, a wild root that they have dug up in the savanna. They, too, may bring turtle eggs. Not always, of course. The men and the women may return with empty hands and empty baskets. In any event there is no boisterous reception, but the same silence, the same quiet acceptance of the day and what it brings as they have shown at its beginning. Fires are built larger, the women roast the
512 roots, the men help with the turtles and the crocodiles. These are
252 placed whole on the fire until the shells are toasted and then they
515 are cracked open. Wives become busy delousing their husbands, using a carved stick to help in the search. Sometimes the lice are picked and eaten. But the bodies of the men are covered with numerous black blisters, showing that they have suffered the daily torment from the insects. The wife crushes all of these blisters with the same delousing tool.

512 Dinner is a gala time. Calabash dishes containing the various
264 courses are placed in the center of the ring formed by each family.
262 The food is picked up and carried to the mouth with the fingers. There are crocodile eggs. These are opened and the contents are sucked up raw. The same is done with the turtle eggs. There is the course of roasted changuango, and the pieces of turtle meat. But the real delicacy is crocodile, the best meat of all. The crocodile is eaten in its entirety, except for the entrails, and when the dinner is over some of it is left by the fire, an open invitation to anyone to fill any empty portion of his stomach. The stomachs become distended as tremendous quantities of food are swallowed. This is the only real meal of the day, and the fear of a dinnerless tomorrow drives the eaters to exceptional feats of gourmandizing until their bodies can hold no more. The lean dogs fight among themselves over the refuse heaps. The vultures glide overhead or are busy at crocodile entrails.

512 There is no after dinner work—no kitchen or table ware to wash,
517 nothing to spoil the proper enjoyment of a full stomach. They eat
776 until they have had enough, and then they move to the east of the fires to lie on the clean sands and watch the sun hide beneath the western horizon. For about half an hour they watch the ever-changing colorful western sky and when rays of light emanate from below the horizon to streak the heavens with blue and gold and white, they

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rejoice, for they know that Kuma, the goddess creator of all things, is content with them and is sending them a greeting in token thereof. On the wings of the wind comes the roar of the araguatos.

But life starts in the east and ends in the west. The day is done and the night comes on. The Yaruros turn to face the east to watch the beginning of star travel and also the fiery appearance of the moon and its transformation to a chaste white. The sands glisten and above flash "falling stars", but the Yaruros say that these are messengers of Kuma doing their errands.

Then the women roll cigars, light them, and pass them to their men. Everyone smokes and there is great contentment. There is reluctance to stand up, so if a woman has to fetch some object, say a firebrand, she will crawl on all fours, looking not unlike some large but indescribably graceful ape.

When several stars of the big dipper have appeared the women rise in a body and walk into the darkness west of the camp. They disappear from sight and hearing. What mysteries they perform they only know. The men are left alone and they talk about heaven. The children play merrily.

The women return and quietly take their places, ready to prepare more cigars. It is good to lie naked on the sand looking at the sky, listening to nature's symphony. With the same persistent effortless rhythm of the pulse beat the world outside of the individual is felt. There is the merry laughter of the children and the soft, deep, contented gurgle of the women; the soft voice of the shaman painting religious pictures, explaining existence; the murmur of the wind as a background to the calls of night birds, and the blowing of toninos, the splash of frolicsome fishes, the intermittent howl of the monkeys, the bark of the wolf, the roar of the jaguar; and the warmth of a full stomach.

A figure may detach itself from the camp shadows and disappear in the darkness of the west. Several young men may afterwards take the same path—to join the shaman in his preparations for communion with the gods. They leave behind them a feeling of expectation but nothing is said. Someone has put up a bare pole where the sand is hard packed.

The shaman returns and goes to sit in front of the pole facing the east. He sits quietly and alone in deep reverie. Later he may ask for a cigar. His wife will supply him with one.

After a period of contemplation he may begin to sing and dance. His people will join him. The music will become more and more animated, the singing and dancing will be done with increasing abandon. The stars and the moon will go their ways to rest in the west. It is only when the sun peeps over the eastern horizon that they will

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535 linked, kept up rhythmic motion by bending the knees slightly and leaning forward. The men bent at the waist until the torso was horizontal, arms hanging down like apes, and made the same motion by bending at the knees. The motion was so very apelike that I wondered if the monkeys didn't enter in some way into the scheme of things. I was told that formerly they were people and when the flood came they climbed to the tops of trees, and have continued to live there ever since, gradually changing shape. When the circuiting around the pole began the men followed one another after the shaman, and the women made the outer circuit with the right hand on the shoulder of the woman in front. The right foot was stamped on the off beat.

ART

184 517 Of the arts, dancing, music, carving, painting, modeling, and perhaps drama, are present among the Yaruros. Every individual in the group participates in some form of artistic expression, even in connection with objects whose function is practical rather than aesthetic; each individual attempts to make them "tsaimui", that is "pretty", "good." Great care is taken in making baskets, pottery, arrows, and bows. Singing and dancing are universally practiced also. No individual feels that his voice is too poor to participate in 531 the singing and no individual is shy about dancing. However, social 462 custom limits the activities of the men and women in the plastic arts. 323 Pottery making is the prerogative of the women. The carving of stamps and realistic figures from the asabache is done by the men. The low relief carvings on gourd rattles are the special products of the shamans. Of all these activities it is this last that comes closest to being inspired.

531 The making of baskets is woman's work. They take great pride 285 in their workmanship, and make a conscious effort to reproduce various designs by employing several weaves. The patterns are rather limited, but then this may be due to the limited number of baskets which they make (fig. 21).

531 Pots are frequently broken in transport, but there is also very 323 little use for them. One or two pots per family are all that is required. The porousness of the material is desired in order to keep the water cool. These pots are generally decorated with crude broad bands of red paint. The pottery decoration is reproduced in figure 22.

531 The women like to paint their faces. For this purpose the men 322 make wooden stamps (pl. 22, *1*), which are dipped in red-ocher paste or a blue dye and the design is impressed upon the face. The designs are entirely geometric and rectilinear.

361 The asabache figures are of special interest because of their re- 317 markable realism. The asabache is a black igneous material found

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in small pieces on the banks of the Capanaparo. It is about as hard to work as coal. It has much the same appearance. The carving tool is the ordinary knife which, in some cases, may be a broken machete. Yet, with such crude implements, they are able to produce exquisite realistic carvings of birds, fish, and other animals. These are generally perforated and strung into a necklace. Each woman possesses at least a few of these carved figures, the number depending on the industry of her husband. No symbolical significance seems to be attached to either the painting, the carving, or to any of the designs appearing on the stamps. There may be some magical meaning to them, but all inquiries were answered in the negative.

The gourd rattles present an entirely different manifestation. In the first place, only the male shaman can use a rattle. It is, in fact, the badge of shamanism. All the designs appearing on the rattle represent what he sees during his visits to Kuma's land. These carvings are made with the point of any sharp instrument, which cuts in just deep enough to expose the lighter colored inner wood of the rattle.

To become a shaman one must dream of Kuma and the other gods, and show his people that he can communicate with the godheads when occasion demands. Perhaps looking at shamanistic practices objectively this may mean primarily that the would-be shaman has a fertile imagination and some artistic talent. I do not think that we ought to doubt that he believes that he actually sees and talks with Kuma, Itciai, and the rest of the spirit world.

He commemorates his dreams on the sacred rattle, carving out on its surface the figures which appear in his dreams. Kuma and Hatchawa dominate the decorations on the gourd rattles, and since those collected came from the Puaná moiety, Puaná is also portrayed. In plate 24 various views of one of these gourd rattles are shown. The large geometric figure dominating the first drawing represents Kuma; the smaller one Hatchawa. Rotating the rattle toward the left we discover Puaná, the Snake.

In connection with these rattles one of the most interesting aesthetic features is the filling in of space. All of the specimens collected and shown in figures 25, 26, and 27 demonstrate this. In watching Landaeta at work I asked him why he did so; his reply was that a properly decorated rattle must be "tsaimui", that is "good", "proper", "beautiful."

Music

One would suspect that the Yaruros would have borrowed some of the musical instruments employed by the Llaneros. Among the lat-

1[See category 116, end plat. 14 --- Analyst]
2[See category 116, pp. 242-243 --- Analyst]